

Message

**From:** Khan, Annie (DPH) [/O=COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS/OU=DPH/CN=RECIPIENTS/CN=AKHAN]  
**Sent:** 10/3/2005 2:38:06 PM  
**To:** 'skhan@partners.org' [skhan@partners.org]  
**CC:** 'Surren Dookhan' [REDACTED]  
**Subject:** FW: White Lie Church CAke

## A WHITE LIE CHURCH CAKE!

Have you ever told a white lie? You are going to love this -- especially all of the ladies who bake for church events.

Alice Grayson was to bake a cake for the Baptist Church ladies' group bake sale in Tuscaloosa, but she forgot to do it until the last minute. She remembered it the morning of the bake sale and after rummaging through cabinets she found a dusty old Angel food cake mix in the back of her kitchen cabinet and quickly made it while drying her hair and dressing and helping her son Bryan pack up for Scout camp. But when Alice took the cake from the oven the center had dropped flat and the cake was horribly disfigured.

She said, "Oh dear, there's no time to bake another cake."

This cake was so important to Alice because she did so want to fit in at her new church, and in her new community of new friends. So, being inventive and not wanting anyone to think she was not the perfect woman able to handle all things at all times or that, God forbid, she not participating in her church's bazaar, she looked around the house for something to build up the center of the cake.

Alice found it in the bathroom -- a roll of toilet paper. She plunked it in and then covered it with icing. Not only did the finished product look beautiful, it looked perfect!

Before she left the house to drop the cake by the church and head for work, Alice woke her daughter Amanda and gave her some money and specific instructions to be at the bake sale the minute it opened at 9:30, and to buy that cake and bring it home.

When the daughter arrived at the sale, she found that the attractive perfect cake had already been sold. Amanda grabbed her cell phone and called her Mom. Alice was horrified...she was beside herself. Everyone would know .what would they think? Oh, my God she wailed! She would be ostracized, talked about, ridiculed. She would have to move or kill herself! All night Alice lay awake in bed thinking about people

pointing their fingers at her and talking about her behind her back.

The next day, Alice promised herself that she would try not to think about the cake and she would attend a fancy luncheon/bridal shower at the home of a friend of a friend and try to have a good time. Alice did not really want to attend because the hostess was a snob who more than once had looked down her nose at the fact that Alice was a single parent and not from the founding families of Tuscaloosa but having already RSVP she could not think of a believable excuse to stay home. The meal was elegant, the company was definitely upper crust old South.... and to Alice's horror the CAKE in question was presented for dessert.

Alice felt the blood drain from her body when she saw the cake, she started to get out of her chair to rush into the kitchen to tell her hostess all about it, but before she could get to her feet, the Mayor's wife said, "What a beautiful cake!"

Alice who was still stunned and trying to formulate what words she would use to explain the situation, sat back in her chair when she heard the hostess (who was a prominent church member) say, "Thank you, I baked it myself."

Alice smiled and thought to herself "There is a God

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YAHOO! GROUPS LINKS